





AT. SEPTEMBER 29th, 1887.

W. Graham, of Cynthiamburg, is

A. Hughes went to Portsmouth

D. Norris went down the river

The fine rains of the last few days were badly needed.

Hon. K. F. Prichard and John F. Hager are in town to-day.

Alexander Lack, returned Tuesday from a trip to Frankfort.

Mrs. Gandy, of Cuttletburg, was visiting in Louisa this week.

Mr. W. H. Wallock is suffering from a severe attack of rheumatism.

The upper grade of the Louisa public school opened Monday in the second story of the Masonic Hall.

The work of laying track on the Chattooga extension was resumed yesterday.

Several deaths from flux are reported from across the river, in Wayne county.

W. H. Hubbard, of Richardson, left some task with us for the News when in town to-day.

We still hear much praise of the work done on the rivers by Capts. McHenry and Hopson.

Rev. Williamson, Stratton, Holt and Snodell Monday for Greenup, where the M. E. Church conference is in session.

Wm. Hawk Sizomore was sentenced to the penitentiary for life at the recent term of the Floyd Criminal Court.

W. W. McRae has purchased from Snyder Bros. a house and lot near the foot of the hill on Madison street, and has moved into it.

If you spit up phlegm and are troubled with a hacking cough, use Dr. J. H. McLean's Tarr Wine Lung Balm. For sale by Fress &amp; Norris.

Ed. S. Hughes &amp; Co. is the style of a new general merchandise firm in Louisa. Their place of business is in the building recently used by C. C. Leffingwell. They have a complete stock of goods on hand.

Wm. Thompson, Jr., to-day waived examination in the cases against him for shooting Chris and Johnson Thompson, and gave bond in sum of \$500 in each case for his appearance at Criminal Court.

Sick headache, wind on the stomach, biliousness and nausea, are promptly and agreeably banished by Dr. J. H. McLean's Little Liver and Kidney Pillots. 25 cents a vial. For sale by Fress &amp; Norris.

To those who owe me: Do you mind what is said of birds that sing and wotnot? Well, in next invitation to pay your bill will be differently worded and signed by a different person.

G. W. WROTH.

Reward of \$2,700 has been offered for the capture of Capt. Johnson and Anco Hatfield, and a posse of men, headed by a deputy sheriff of like, left Pikoville last week for the purpose of capturing the above named parties.

The following new books have just been received by the Louisa Library: "Lectures to Young Men", and "Select Essays and Sketches by Celebrated Authors." This last named book is one of the most interesting published.

The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, of Louisa, will meet at the residence of Col. Jay H. Northup, Thursday evening, Oct. 6th, at half past seven o'clock. Members will please come prepared to recite the lessons indicated in the Chautauquan for October.

G. W. WROTH, President.

Useful and Mineral Medicines.

There is a certain class of remedies for constipation absolutely useless. These are loathsome potions made in great part of opium, opium, senna, rhubarb, gamboge, and other worthless ingredients.

The damage they do to the stomachs of those who use them is incalculable. They are so violently purgative, and so violent, that they grip the bowels.

Their effect is to weaken both heart and the stomach. Better and more effective is Dr. Green's Anti-Spasmatic Stomach Bitters. Its laxative effect of which is never preceded by pain, or followed by a consecutive, violent attack of the bowels. It invigorates those organs to the utmost, and invigorates the entire system.

As a remedy for constipation, no medicine can compare with it, and it relieves nervous debility, rheumatism, kidney and bladder insensibility, and other inorganic ailments.

## Obituary.

Quite a number of our people will be present at the laying of the corner stone of the church to be erected by the Masons to the memory of the Rev. Berl Spurlock, about two miles from Wayne C. H., W. Va. Elaborate preparations are being made for a grand time.

In cases of Fever andague, the blood is as effectually, though not so dangerously poisoned by the effluvia of the atmosphere as it could be by the deadliest poison. Dr. J. H. McLean's Chills and Fever Cure will eradicate this poison from the system. 50 cents a bottle. For sale by Fress & Norris.

## NOTICE.

All persons in Lawrence county and vicinity who are indebted to the Singer Sewing Machine Company are requested to settle in full with our Special Agent, Mr. J. E. Roberts, when he calls on you. Or he can be seen from 1st to 5th of each month at K. F. Vinson's, Louisa, Ky.

The Singer Manufacturing Co., Cincinnati, O.

The wonderful healing prospect of Darby's Prophylactic Fluid in case of Accidents, for Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Wounds, etc.

Its prompt use will invariably relieve and prevent Erysipelas, Gangrene or Froud Flesh. Owing to the cleansing and purifying qualities of the Fluid the most obstinate Ulcers, Bolls Carbuncles and Running Sores are rendered pure and healthy and speedily cured; no other application being necessary.

## FOR SALE.

The house and lot in Louisa where Leo Frank lives. The house is in good repair, and contains ten rooms; together with a nicely finished store-room recently used as a jewelry store. All the household furniture is also offered for sale.

This desirable property is offered very cheap. For particulars call at the house.

## Tonic Business Booming.

Probably no one has ever had such a general revival of trade at R. F. Vinson's Drug Store as their giving away to their customers of so many free trial bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Their trade is simply enormous in this very valuable article from the fact that it always cures and never disappoints. Coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, croup, and all throat and lung diseases quickly cured. You can test it by getting a trial bottle free, large size #1. Every bottle warranted.

## FOR SALE.

On Saturday, October 1st, All personal property about the Falls of Blaine belonging to John J. Jordan deceased, will be sold at that place. The property consists of mules, cattle, hogs, two Jack, wheat, etc.

Also, the personal property in Louisa belonging to said Jordan will be sold at Louisa on Monday, Oct. 3rd. J. R. DEAN, Adm'r.

Soda, like port wine, can be made for almost any price, which is done by using cheap and deleterious substances. J. Monroe Taylor's Gold Metal Soda is perfectly pure and unadulterated, and one paper will convince any intelligent lady that there is nothing equal to it. It will produce one eighth more broad than any other and much better to use with cream tartar. Grocers and druggists sell it.

## Obituary.

The death of the late Eugene Wallace has produced a profound sensation. Having been reared in this historic and beautiful valley he was widely known. His character was a rare combination of those sterling qualities which command respect and admiration, a man of integrity, purpose and refined sensibilities, a thorough gentleman. In all the relations of life he exhibited his manly nature, responding promptly and faithfully to the call of duty, extending aid and sympathy, and discovering to the world a high expression of that ideal: a perfect man. As a husband and father his life was exemplary and praiseworthy; kindness, gentleness and love were the pillars of his home. He worshipped the God of his Mother, and each day sacrifice was made by him whose labors rise up as a memorial and whose memory lingers as sweet perfume in his home. His wife and children were the idols of his heart. His love for them was manly, and his endeavors to make their lives happy and pleasant is evidenced in the beautiful home he made for them. There traces of his love and thoughtfulness are everywhere visible, their comfort was always considered first. What hopes and ambitions he made, form a part of the unwritten history that lives in the most sacred recesses of the human heart.

He was an honorable business man. The Golden Rule was at the foundation of all his transactions. He did not practice honesty because it was the best policy, but because it was right to be honest.

He never defrauded any one, nor took from any one unlawfully—his life in this respect has a moral, the same which is bound up in every Christian life; the inner prompting to do good and not evil. He believed that Christianity had its place in the secular affairs of life. In this he was true to his convictions.

He was a useful man in the church—his conduct was in harmony with his profession. His pastor knew of a man who would always be at his post of duty. Regularly he was in attendance at the Sabbath services, the Sabbath school and the Wednesday night prayer-meeting. His prayers, influence and money did much to aid the minister of the gospel and the cause of Christ. No man ever said of him as a Christian that he was untrue. His greatest desire was to "grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ." His sweet spirit and ripening character gave evidence of his nearness to the Sinner. One.

As a husband and father he will be missed from his home; the wail of a widow and the cries of fatherless children will not reach him, but the Infinite heart sympathizes with them and Omnipotence protects them. He will be missed from business circles, but the example of his upright life will live and many will profit by it. He will be missed from his place in the Church and Sabbath school, but the vacant pew will speak eloquently of his consistent life and the worshippers will say: "he is at rest in the city which hath foundation, whose builder and maker is God."

Upon the hill that overlooks his old home he has been sepulchred until the Angel of the Apocalypse shall declare by the Almighty that time, shall be no more. Winter storms will rage about the aged hill-top. The winds will sob a requiem among the branches of the pines. Summer will come, and grass and flowers cover the form of clay, but the spirit of the loving husband and father, the honored citizen, the consistent Christian shall flourish in immortal youth, unburst amid the war of elements, the wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds."

C. H. WILLIAMSON.

BACCO UR.

You are feeling depressed, your appetite is poor, you are bothered with headache, fits, fits, fits, and generally out of sorts, and want to brace up. Brace up, but not with stimulants, spring medicines, or bitters, which have for their basis very cheap, bad whiskey, and which stimulate you for an hour and then leaves you in a worse condition than before. What you want is an alternative that will purify your blood, strengthen the action of the heart and kidneys, restore your vitality, and give renewed health and strength. Such a medicine will find in Electric Bitters, and only 50 cents a bottle at R. F. Vinson's drug store.

NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS.—It has heretofore been a mystery to us why strangers are generally charged so extravagantly by hotels in large cities. Hauling a short time since at the Galt House, corner Sixth and Main Streets, Cincinnati, O., managed by W. E. Marsh, Jr., son of the proprietor who established the Galt House fifty years ago the mystery was solved. The account monitions in the Galt House are annual every respect to the best two-dollar per day hotel, and yet the charges are only one dollar and fifteen cents per day for meals and room: single meals thirty-five cents. The Galt is headquarters for the greatest complete meals, which together with free use of the parlor, office, check-room, etc., constitute the greatest bargain obtainable in the city. The solution is easy when the facts are known: The Galt is run exclusively in the interest of strangers, the same rate being charged per day at all times. Everyone who will produce a reasonable Rent for the property is the Extent of its charges, thus doing away with the usual Lessee's profits. It management is constantly under the immediate and personal control of the Owner, W. E. Marsh, Jr. Its employees being paid according to the volume of business, are efficient and reasonable in cost. The above pecularities, a low, uniform price, a reasonable Rent, charge Only a rigorous and practical supervision of its internal affairs and Co-operative salary payments have secured for the Galt a fair transient trade, and the experiment is a success, producing Rent for the real estate. To this benefactor, who has made it possible to stay Two Days in the city at the usual expense of One, we heartily recompense our friends.

In Brief, and to the Point.

Dyspepsia is dreadful. Disorders of the liver is misery. Indigestion is a fit to good nature.

The human digestive apparatus is one of the most complicated and wonderful things in existence. It is easily put out of order.

Greasy food, tough food, sloppy food, bad coffee, medicinal wort, late hours, irregular habits, and many other things which ought not to be, have made the American people a nation of dyspeptics.

But Green's August Flower has done a wonderful work in reforming this old business and making the American people so healthy that they can enjoy their meals and be happy.

Remember—No happiness without health. But Green's August Flower brings health and happiness to the dyspeptic. Ask your druggist for a bottle. Seventy-five cents.

The type on which this paper is printed is from the above FOUNDRY.

CINCINNATI TYPE FOUNDRY, 101 Wm Street, C. WELLS, Treas.

The type on which this paper is printed is from the above FOUNDRY.

## NO HOUSEHOLD SHOULD BE WITHOUT



## COME AND BUY.

## THE LARGEST

Stock of Goods Ever brought to Louisa, and

## LOWEST

Prices. Come and look whether you want to buy or not. I have adopted a new rule and think it will be best for all parties, so it don't make any difference how low you ask me to sell, but Don't Ask For CREDIT, for you won't get it.

## In DRY GOODS

Come and price and see what Great Reductions. Big line of Flannels, Jeans, Dress Goods, Muslins, &c., at away below usual prices. Come and look.

## CLOTHING.

I have the best assortment in town and can give you anything you want from four years up. Come and see our suit for \$3.50. All wool Jeans Pants, \$1.25.

## NOTIONS.

BIG LINE and LOW PRICES: Good Corsets at 25c. Good Suspenders at 10c. 10c Box Hairpins for 5c. Good Solid Color Hose, 5c. Fast Color Handkerchiefs, 1c each. Nice Line of Underwear of All Kinds. Misses' All Wool Jersey, 75c. Big Line Ladies' Jerseys Lower than Ever Before. Shawls at Your Own Prices. Nice Linen Napkins, 5c. Each. Full Line Children's Underwear.

## BOOTS AND SHOES.

GOOD Heavy Boots, \$1.75 a pair. GOOD Heavy Women's Shoes, 75c a pair. Big Line of All Grades of Men's, Women's and Children's Shoes, both Fine and Coarse, and if you Want Boots or Shoes, Don't Pass Me.

## HATS AND CAPS.

I have All the NOBBY STYLES. Nice Line of Ladies' Hats.

## GROCERIES.

A Full Line and LOWEST PRICES. Give me a Call and I will Please you. All Kinds of PRODUCE taken in Exchange for Goods.

## J. A. Hughes,

The Leader in Low Prices.

Main street, next door to Snyder's Hardware Store.

R. C. MCCLURE, Manager and Auctioneer.

L. B. FERGUSON, Secretary and Treasurer.

## Louisa Stockyards

AND

## GENERAL MERCHANDISE SALE CO.,

## GENERAL AUCTIONEERS.

Will make contracts to sell all kinds of Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Hogs, Wagons, Buggies, Carts, Second-hand Harness, Furniture, Household goods, Dry Goods, Notions, and second-hand stuff of every description.

Sales held monthly, on every County Court day—which is the third Monday in each month.

By special arrangements we secure for our customers the best prices.

It will be to your advantage to deal with us as we advertise extensively in the County all goods placed in our hands for sale, and offer special inducements to attract the attention of buyers from a distance.

For further particulars address

L. B. FERGUSON.

I desire to call SPECIAL Attention to important points of excellence found only in THE CHAMPION LAMP.

1. Combustion Lamp.

2. It is the only lamp that keeps dry.

3. It is the only lamp that keeps dry.

4. It is the only lamp that keeps dry.

5. It is the only lamp that keeps dry.

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21. It is the only lamp that keeps dry.

22. It is the only lamp that keeps dry.

23. It is

SPAKER LAVA.  
A man who takes the paper regularly from the  
other end, is responsible for the news.  
The country paper that has nothing to do with  
papers and periodicals from the outside, and  
is leaving them uncalled for, is a good idea  
of a threadbare paper.

"**I SAY WHAT I THINK.**"  
"I say what I think," says the young man.  
With a voice and a look of daring,  
determined to act on a scissile plan.  
As for nobody's comfort caring,  
I say what I think," and at every oboz  
This impulse of his obeying.  
This is to be seen at a single glance.  
He doesn't think what he's saying.

O, man, an arrow will reach the heart  
For which you were intended.  
I have a broken wing, the heart,  
And the heart can never be mended;  
And many a friendship may be lost,  
And many a love-link broken.  
Because of neglect to count the cost  
Of words that are lightly spoken.  
"I say what I think." Ah! the fruit great,  
Who give their wisdom expression  
In words of prose, would hesitate  
To make sure what they're intended;  
For what might injuries be wrought,  
What evils we could not smother.  
Every body says what they thought  
Without regard to each other!

To say what you think is a noble thing  
When your voice for the right is needed,  
To speak out your mind with a loyal ring  
When order and law are undermined;  
But the one thing that you're through the brain  
And the heart should be retarded  
For we lessen the tide of grief and pain  
When our speech is carefully guarded.

You may think what you choose, nor give of  
force—  
But a traitor, and not display it!  
And if you're deficient in common-sense,  
By all means have it.  
And let it be known in the streets of ink,  
For the good of each son and daughter,  
That those who always say what they think  
Are most of the time in hot water.  
—*Jessie Pollard, in Harper's Magazine.*

## BOB'S NEW CARPET:

Or, Love's Labor Not Lost—  
A Story for Girls.

[Original]

USt two more stripes,  
a narrow blue one,  
and a wide scarlet  
one, and that will  
finish it. The pretty  
lively girl carried  
Julia Holsey to her  
sister, who sat  
busily crocheting, one  
spring morning.

long before school-time. Their brother,  
Robert, or "Bob," as he was usually called,  
entered the room as Julia made the remark,  
and looked curiously towards her work, to  
see what it was that was going to be so  
pretty. Crossing the room, he examined it  
more closely, and asked: "What is it for  
when it is done?" "O, it's to cover that  
old faded out rocking-chair that grandma  
gave us for our room," answered Julia; "it  
has been necessary to have it repainted  
and now we are going to make a thing  
of beauty of it, and so it will be a joy for  
ever, won't it?" Bob did not reply immo-  
diately, but after a pause, laying down the  
bright red stripe he had in his hand, he said,  
rather ungraciously: "Yes, that is just  
like you girls. You are always fixing up  
your own room, to make it look pretty,  
while mine is here as an old barn." As  
he left the room his sisters looked at each  
other in surprise, and then, after a moment's  
silence, Julia said, "I'm sure I never sup-  
posed Bob cared for such things, did you?" "No," answered her sister, "not any more  
than other boys; but if he wants his room  
fixed up I'll do what I can, I'm sure, and  
you will help, won't you?" Minnie willingly  
conceded, and it being now school-time,  
the girls laid aside their work, and nothing  
more was said upon the subject that day.

As their mother had given them the care  
of their brother's room, and he by word  
of mouth was to be brought up in it, the  
girls had agreed to attend to it, the next morning she went  
up after breakfast to tidy it up as neal.  
As she entered the room she was struck  
as he had never been before, with its un-  
inviting appearance, and Bob's words re-  
ferred to, "you have a barn." "Why  
haven't I noticed it before?" she asked  
herself, and she resolved that before night  
the room should wear a different aspect.

It was a week to the birthday, and  
it was in roadiness, but the subject of  
the carpet was a sore one, and the sisters  
had again and again wondered if there was  
some way in which they could earn  
money enough to buy it. It was a good  
idea, but after a pause, laying down the  
bright red stripe he had in his hand, he said,  
rather ungraciously: "Yes, that is just  
like you girls. You are always fixing up  
your own room, to make it look pretty,  
while mine is here as an old barn." As  
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of their brother's room, and he by word  
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ferred to, "you have a barn." "Why  
haven't I noticed it before?" she asked  
herself, and she resolved that before night  
the room should wear a different aspect.

"I NEVER SUPPORTED BOB CARE FOR SUCH  
THINGS."

It contained scarcely any thing besides  
the bare necessities of a sleeping room,  
and while she and her sister had decorated  
the walls of their own chamber with  
many little family articles here and there,  
as the poor Bob's room was a bold  
one picture. It was a bold  
one photograph up somewhere, and  
represented two rugged boys sitting on  
the bank of a narrow stream, trying to  
catch some fish. The sky was a most astonishing  
shade of blue, and the grass upon the bank  
was an impossible green, but perhaps he  
thought it was better than nothing. Not having  
any money to buy it, he had lacked  
the way to his four corners. Over the  
winter when he had put up a shelf, of a piece  
of rough pine board, and had grouped some  
tastefully a quantity of shells and  
curious stones he had found at different  
times, for Bob delighted in such things, and  
hoped some time to have a cabinet of speci-  
mens. Julia concluded that this shelf  
should be covered with some bright  
material, and, after a pause, laying down the  
bright red stripe he had in his hand, he said,  
rather ungraciously: "Yes, that is just  
like you girls. You are always fixing up  
your own room, to make it look pretty,  
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the room should wear a different aspect.

Bob agreed with her, but it would look  
nicely, but suggested that whatever im-  
provement and additions they decided to  
make in the room, should be all finished  
by Bob's birthday, which was now near at hand.  
"I can make all the  
fancy things here in our room, where we  
can hide them from him, and so we will  
surprise him all at once. He has probably  
forgotten by this time what he said, and we  
will take care not to remind him of it." So  
she went to work, first taking their  
confidence, and, in a snappy  
bright silk and damask they wished  
not to be taken from the family  
treasures, and a pincushion and a tidy  
in the word "Bob" in large  
a rose, worked in gilt  
had a dilapidated old

rocking chair in his room, his sisters de-  
cided to crochet a cover for that also. For-  
tunately there would be no expense con-  
nected with this, as their grandmother,  
knowing their task for crochet work, had  
sent them at Christmas a large box filled  
with worsted in various colors.  
This was on the 13th of May, and as  
their brother's birthday came upon the 6th  
of June, their time was limited, as in  
addition to studying out of school hours their  
mother required of them some assistance  
every day in housework; but "where there's  
a will, there's a way," and by improving the  
odd minutes, they were astonished at what  
they had accomplished. One morning, when Bob  
had started earlier for school than usual,  
had come home to find his father on  
his way, the girls brought together in his  
room all the little knick-knacks they had  
made, and began to place them in position  
"to see how they will look," as Julia said.  
"See here, Min," said she "how this red  
merino shows off these pretty shells of  
Bob's. I'm so glad I thought of it!" Minnie  
had been dressing the old rocking  
chair in its new cover, but suddenly  
she stopped, and said: "I tried to make the room look nice,  
with this old faded carpet on the floor!"  
Just then, Julia, how much worse it looks,  
now the chair cover is done. Too strong a  
contrast, you see." Julia sat down with a  
sigh. "Yes, I have thought of that a good  
deal," said she, "and I even brought our  
rug in, one day, and laid it down in front  
of the door, but the carpet looked  
ever, the room looked shabby  
affairs, and the what would with bits  
of old cloth here and there, at Minnie's sug-  
gestion, it still looked up faded and thread-  
bare, and no wonder, for had it not already  
done two years' good service on father's  
study floor, and was it not time for it to  
grow old and worn, like every thing else on  
this mundane sphere? "If we could only  
afford a new one," sighed Minnie, and  
thereupon she rushed off to get mother to  
come up and see it.

As the wife of a poor cobbler on a  
farm, Mrs. Halsey had long ago  
learned to conjugate the verb "to economize"  
in its strict mood and tones, and so  
skilled had she become in applying it to  
the various household necessities, that she was  
a valuable member of the family committed  
on ways and means, whenever it was in  
question. But she could not afford to  
have to pay for such things as  
a new carpet, and after a pause, laying down the  
bright red stripe he had in his hand, he said,  
rather ungraciously: "Yes, that is just  
like you girls. You are always fixing up  
your own room, to make it look pretty,  
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haven't I noticed it before?" she asked  
herself, and she resolved that before night  
the room should wear a different aspect.

"I say what I think," says the young man.  
With a voice and a look of daring,  
determined to act on a scissile plan.  
As for nobody's comfort caring,  
I say what I think," and at every oboz  
This impulse of his obeying.  
This is to be seen at a single glance.  
He doesn't think what he's saying.

O, man, an arrow will reach the heart  
For which you were intended.  
I have a broken wing, the heart,  
And the heart can never be mended;  
And many a friendship may be lost,  
And many a love-link broken.  
Because of neglect to count the cost  
Of words that are lightly spoken.

"I say what I think." Ah! the fruit great,  
Who give their wisdom expression  
In words of prose, would hesitate  
To make sure what they're intended;  
For what might injuries be wrought,  
What evils we could not smother.  
Every body says what they thought  
Without regard to each other!

To say what you think is a noble thing  
When your voice for the right is needed,  
To speak out your mind with a loyal ring  
When order and law are undermined;  
But the one thing that you're through the brain  
And the heart should be retarded  
For we lessen the tide of grief and pain  
When our speech is carefully guarded.

You may think what you choose, nor give of  
force—  
But a traitor, and not display it!

And if you're deficient in common-sense,  
By all means have it.  
And let it be known in the streets of ink,  
For the good of each son and daughter,  
That those who always say what they think  
Are most of the time in hot water.  
—*Jessie Pollard, in Harper's Magazine.*

rocking chair in his room, his sisters de-  
cided to crochet a cover for that also. For-  
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knowing their task for crochet work, had  
sent them at Christmas a large box filled  
with worsted in various colors.

This was on the 13th of May, and as  
their brother's birthday came upon the 6th  
of June, their time was limited, as in  
addition to studying out of school hours their  
mother required of them some assistance  
every day in housework; but "where there's  
a will, there's a way," and by improving the  
odd minutes, they were astonished at what  
they had accomplished. One morning, when Bob  
had started earlier for school than usual,  
had come home to find his father on  
his way, the girls brought together in his  
room all the little knick-knacks they had  
made, and began to place them in position  
"to see how they will look," as Julia said.

"See here, Min," said she "how this red  
merino shows off these pretty shells of  
Bob's. I'm so glad I thought of it!" Minnie

had been dressing the old rocking  
chair in its new cover, but suddenly  
she stopped, and said: "I tried to make the room look nice,  
with this old faded carpet on the floor!"

Just then, Julia, how much worse it looks,  
now the chair cover is done. Too strong a  
contrast, you see." Julia sat down with a  
sigh. "Yes, I have thought of that a good  
deal," said she, "and I even brought our  
rug in, one day, and laid it down in front  
of the door, but the carpet looked  
ever, the room looked shabby  
affairs, and the what would with bits  
of old cloth here and there, at Minnie's sug-  
gestion, it still looked up faded and thread-  
bare, and no wonder, for had it not already  
done two years' good service on father's  
study floor, and was it not time for it to  
grow old and worn, like every thing else on  
this mundane sphere? "If we could only  
afford a new one," sighed Minnie, and  
thereupon she rushed off to get mother to  
come up and see it.

As the wife of a poor cobbler on a  
farm, Mrs. Halsey had long ago  
learned to conjugate the verb "to economize"  
in its strict mood and tones, and so  
skilled had she become in applying it to  
the various household necessities, that she was  
a valuable member of the family committed  
on ways and means, whenever it was in  
question. But she could not afford to  
have to pay for such things as  
a new carpet, and after a pause, laying down the  
bright red stripe he had in his hand, he said,  
rather ungraciously: "Yes, that is just  
like you girls. You are always fixing up  
your own room, to make it look pretty,  
while mine is here as an old barn." As  
he left the room she was struck as he had  
never been before, with its un-  
inviting appearance, and Bob's words re-  
ferred to, "you have a barn." "Why  
haven't I noticed it before?" she asked  
herself, and she resolved that before night  
the room should wear a different aspect.

"I say what I think," says the young man.  
With a voice and a look of daring,  
determined to act on a scissile plan.  
As for nobody's comfort caring,  
I say what I think," and at every oboz  
This impulse of his obeying.  
This is to be seen at a single glance.  
He doesn't think what he's saying.

O, man, an arrow will reach the heart  
For which you were intended.  
I have a broken wing, the heart,  
And the heart can never be mended;  
And many a friendship may be lost,  
And many a love-link broken.  
Because of neglect to count the cost  
Of words that are lightly spoken.

"I say what I think." Ah! the fruit great,  
Who give their wisdom expression  
In words of prose, would hesitate  
To make sure what they're intended;  
For what might injuries be wrought,  
What evils we could not smother.  
Every body says what they thought  
Without regard to each other!

To say what you think is a noble thing  
When your voice for the right is needed,  
To speak out your mind with a loyal ring  
When order and law are undermined;  
But the one thing that you're through the brain  
And the heart should be retarded  
For we lessen the tide of grief and pain  
When our speech is carefully guarded.

You may think what you choose, nor give of  
force—  
But a traitor, and not display it!

And if you're deficient in common-sense,  
By all means have it.  
And let it be known in the streets of ink,  
For the good of each son and daughter,  
That those who always say what they think  
Are most of the time in hot water.  
—*Jessie Pollard, in Harper's Magazine.*

know," said she. "Mina Jackson said he  
well know that this last word expressed  
the highest point of admiration. Bob could  
reach, and they felt well repaid for their  
effort.

Girls, if you have brothers, don't keep art  
the pretty things to yourselves, thinking  
boys do not appreciate such things. Just  
try them and see. KATE HUND.

## WASTE IN FEEDING.

Facts Which Farmers in the Older States  
Should Consider Thoughtfully.

It seems as though "waste" was the  
motto of many farmers. They literally  
throw away their capital. Fodder is  
capital, and it is flung about the barn-  
yard as if it was worthless.

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had started earlier for school than usual,  
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## CURRENT ITEMS.

An enormous oil field has been dis-  
covered in Venezuela, near Lake Mar-  
acaibo.

An engineer on the Wabash  
way, whose train has yet to meet with  
its first accident, attributed his good  
luck to a cat that has been his constant  
companion in the cab for a year.